I've something, lots of trouble, But a comfort and delight, Maxing joy and labor double, Something soft and pink and whitel

I've a something, clinging, helpless, In the dark it holds me fast, Looks to me for all pretection, Loves me first, and loves me last.

And that something makes life richer, More complete, and sweet, and grand, Oh, that something makes me greater Than the queen of my land!

Of that something I could tell you Wondrous virtues, wondrous charms; But, for all I know, there may be Such a baby in your arms!

Commandments for the Mother.

1. Be healthy.
1. Be beautiful.
2. Be beautiful.
3. Be beautiful.
4. Be gentle and placid.
5. Be firm without severity.
6. Do not stint with your mother love.
Tenderness is not effeminacy. And just because life often is cold and hard and cruel, a sunny bright glad childhood is a biessing for the whole life.

Jordan-Sydnor.

Jordan—Sydnor.

Invitations have been sent out by Mrs. Thomas W. Sydnor for the marriage of her daughter. Elizabeth Josephine, to Dr. Arthur Jordan.

The marriage will take place Wednesday evening, July Eith, at nine o'clock, in the home of the bride, No. 1614. Hanover Street, this city.

Dr. Jordan and his bride will be athome after September 1st, at The Lincoln, Seattle, Washington.

At Kinsey Lodge.

At Kinsey Lodge.

At Kinsey Lodge.

A very pleasant party of guests is gathered in the large and beautiful cottage of Mrs. H. C. Kinsey, of Virginia Beach, more familiarly known as "The Lodge." From more 'lill eve there are fishing excursions, beach rides, salling parties, and other similar amusements, while after dark cards and dancing are most popular. Among the cottage guests at this time are: Mr, and Mrs. J. M. Wyatt, Miss Mary Forrest, Mr, S. Kenneth Woodfin, Mr. David Wiltshire, Mr. Robert Forrest, Mr, and Mrs. James. C. Harwood, Mr. Waverly Scott and Mr. Simmons, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Michaels and children, of Richmond; Miss Emma Riddick, Mrs. Judich Smith, Miss Tiney-Taylor, of Petersburg; Mr. R. W. Klilgore and Mr. L. C. Lamb, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. D. Johnson and family, Mrs. Z. V. Peed and child, and Mrs. Patton, of Raleigh, N. C.; Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Cole and child, Miss Lillie Christians, of Durham, N. C.; Mr. S. A. Y. Lee, of Smithfield, N. C.; Mr. A. A. Lee, of Smithfield, N. C.; Mrs. A. Y. Lee, of Smithfield, N. C.; Mrs. A. Y. Lee, of Smithfield, N. C.; Mr. Andan Seilers, of Norfolk, Va.

Gaveties For Richmond Girls.

Echoes of social gayeties in Norfolk, which Richmond people are sharing ome to caliven the midsummer duliness of Richmond. The Virginian-Pilot of

chmond, gave a most charming othern at the Monticello to Miss Lily podard and her guests, Miss Belle Gill, of Leesburg, Miss Polly Mason, Washington, and Miss Bessie Jones, Alexandria.

Alexandrin.

SS Elizabeth Bowden entertained Mr.

Mrs. George C. Cabell, Jr., Mrs.

Is Johnson, of Richmond; Mr. RichBurroughs and Mr. Joe Young at
er Monday evening at the Willoughby

Desiring to complete their monument to the Confederate dead, we have decided to hold a bazuar for that purpose during the last week in November and the first week in December, and ask for contributions of fancy articles of every kind, or money, This organization has readily responded to calls of this nature from other chapters, not only in Virgnia, but throughout the broad land, and for that reason hope-for a generous response to this appeal.

Donation of money may be sent to Mrs. H. B. Reardon, treasurer, 232 Fairfax Avenue, Norfolk.

Donatlons of fancy articles to Mrs. James Leigh, chairman of the bazar committee, 78 York Street, Norfolk.

ounty.
Mrs. Jacob Michaux is the guest of
tra. Edward R. Baird, Jr., in Ghent, Norolk. Miss Katherine Hart is with Miss
tlanche Webb, in Boush Street.
Snead—Pemberton.

The nuptials of Miss Mary Elizabeth Pemberton and Mr. William Edward Smead were ouldty celebrated vesterday forenoon in No. 602 East Grace Street, the Rev. W. R. L. Smith, of the Second Baptist Church officialing, Mr. and Mrs. Snead left by the noon train for a Northern wedding tour.

Chase City Euchre Trust. A popular trust, but not a monopoly, is the social organization in Chase City known as the Euchre Trust. The members of the trust were out in full force Friday evening as the guests of the



BAKING POWDER.

POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Prof. Charles Elics

RULE BRITANNIA.

James Thompson was born in Scotland on September II, 1700, and died at Kew on the of August, 1765. He was destined for he ministry, but decided to become a poor went to London, where he acquired great popularity and fame. He was senorely atout and land 2 most unintelligent face, but his general kindness endeared sty atout and land 2 most unintelligent face, but his general kindness endeared first celebrated song, which has become a national anthem in Great Britain, first wared in a mask called Airfed. This magk was given in 1760 in the Palaco Grounds, don, in honor of the Princess of Wales, the mother of George III.



WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this attain:
Rule, Britannia, rule the wavesi
Britons never will be slaves!

The nations not so bless'd as thee
Must in their turns to tyranta fall;
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never will be slaves!

Still more majestic shalt thou rise.

More dreadful from each foreign stroke:
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never will be slaves!

Thee haughty tryants ne'er shall tame; All their attempts to band thee down Will but arouse thy generous flame, But work their woe and thy renown. Rule, Britannia, rule the waves!

Britons never will be slaves!

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main;
And every shore it circles thine,
Rule, Britannia, rule the wavesi
Britons never will be slaves!

The muses, still with freedom found, The muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blessed isle, with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never will be slaves!

The first two verses of the song are the same as the first two above printed. The remaining ones are in this form:

Should war, should faction shake thy isle,
And sink to poverty and shame;
Heaven still shall on Britannia smile,
Restore her wealth and raise her name,
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never will be slaves!

As the loud blast, that tears the skies, Serves but to root thy native oak;
Still more majestic shalt thou rise
From foreign, from domestick stroke,
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never will be slaves!

Jumes Thomson

CUT THIS OUT AND KEEP IT YOU WILL WANT TO READ THIS STORY LATER IF NOT NOW.

By ALFRED OLLIVANT.

"A Book to Be Thankful For."

BOB, SON

PART IV. THE BLACK KILLER. CHAPTER XIV.

A MAD MAN.

Tammas is on his feet in the tap-room

ly the clamor redoubles.

"The Date Cup and h Owd Un! The Trophy and oor Bob! 'Ip, 'Ip, for the gray dogs! 'Ip, 'Ip, for the best sheep-dog as ever was or will be! 'Oooray,' 'Ooray!'

It is some minutes before the noise

sents the prowess of the champion player, and he wears it proudly so long as he can

jerks contemptuously toward the soll-

Tammas resumes his seat unwilling-

the room remains silent, waiting for his

challenge to be taken up. It is in vain. And as he looks at the range of broad, impassive backs turned on him, he smiles

impassive backs turned on him, he smiles bitterly.

"They dursen't, Wullie, not a man of them, a'l!" he cries. "They're one-two-three-four-eleven to one, Wullie, and yet they dursen't. Eleven of them, and every man a coward! Long Kirby-Thornton-Tupper-Todd-Hoppin-Ross-Rosseard the resident and returned by seek and the consequence.

Burton-and the rest, and not one but's a higger man nor me, and yet— Weel, we might ha kent it. We should ha kent Englishmen by noo. They're aye the same and aye have bin. They tell

and only forcibly restrained by the men on either hand.

on either hand.

"-and then they ha' na the courage to stan' by 'em. Ya're English, ivery man o' ye, to yer marrow."

The little man's volce rises as he speaks. He seizes the tankard from the table at his side.

"Englishmen!" he cries, waving it before him. "Here's a health! The best sheep-dog as iver penned a flock—Adam M'Adam's Red Wull!"

He rauses, the newter at his lips, and

tary figure at his back.

There will be a trolley party given next Thursday night, July 21st, by a band of young ladies. The proceeds will be used for charitable purposes. The zar will leave First and Clay Streets at 8:15 o'clock sharp. Refreshments will be served.

Mr. and Mrs. James W. Ball are spend-ing the month of July at Bellevue, on York River, in King and Queen county.

Miss Elise Smith is the guest of Miss Julia Hitchcock, of Blicksville, Dinwiddie

Mrs. J. H. Seawell will leave to-day to spend the remainder of the summer at Bridges, in Gloucester county.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Murrell, who have been spending some time delightfully at the Mecklenburg Hotel, Chase City left that resort yesterday for the mountains.

Miss Mary S. McCue, Miss Maude McKenzle and Miss M. G. O'Neill are attending the School of Methods at the University of Virginia, Miss Katherine Melnitre is a member of Mr. Graham Coutts's class in illustrated drawing.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Christian have gone to Harrisonburg, Va., where they will visit Mrs. Christian's family and

friends.

Miss Lucile and Miss Virginia Clarke are among the guests assembled in Miss Blow's cottage, Virginia Beach.

mither handna borne him."

A little later, and he walks out of the lnn, the Tailless Tyke at his heels.

After he is gone it is Rob Saunderson

It was the same at the Sylvester Arms. The little man sat alone with Red Wull, exchanging words with no man, drinking steadily, broading over his wrongs, only now and again galvanized into sud-

fell purpose.

OUT-OF-TOWN SOCIETY.

What People Are Doing in Other Centres and Summer Resorts.

Lenox. Mass.

Lenox, Mass.

Ventfort Hall, the country place in Lenox of Mr. George H. Morgan, is for sale. No formal announcement of its being on the market has been made, and possibly none will be, for it is understood to be the wish of Mr. Morgan to dispose of the property at private sale.

During the last week Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Field, Jr., of Chicago, who have Ambassador Joseph H. Choate's place, in Stockbridge, for the season have been over Ventfort Hall twice, and while it was said to-day that they are considering its purchase, one objection Mrs. Field has is its proximity to the center of Lenox.

You Will Never Know the Values

you can get in our Great July Unloading Sale till you see and compare them with those sold at other houses.

\$18.00 and \$20.00 Suits at only \$12.50 Does it interest you?

Burk & Co., 1003 E. Main



MURAL DECORATING.

P. A. ARTHUR & CO., 302 East Main Street.

year.

The inauguration of a road coach between Newport and the Pier will do much to revive an interest in Narragan sett, and it is expected that Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt will alternate in driving the coach Good Times, which is to start running this week, making a daily trip.

Bar Harbor.

Hager. Gems from "The Behemian Girl" (by request), Baile. March, "Bombaste," O. R. Farrar. Southern Plantation Songs, containing "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground" (by recuest), Conterno. Waltz, "Dreams of Childhood," Wald-tenfel.

tentel.

Grand Selection, "Lucia di Lammermoor" (by request), Donizetti.
Sketch, "Yarney's ideal" (by request),
F.W. Stimson.

"Star Spangled Banner" and "Dixle."
FELIX TARDELIAA, Bandmasier,
The contert was at Chimborazo Park,
stat night, and to-night it will be given
at Monroe Park.

Burnett's Extract of Vanilla Has taken gold medals against all other brands.—"Adv."

Manufacturing Opticians and Expert Adjusters of EYE-GLASSES, SPECTACLES,





tions, Counters and Show Cases Mr.

Pocess.

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Copper-lined Wash Boxes for Spda Water
and Balcon Counters, full and complete Herr Drawing outflut; DEAN'S Beer Coil Boxes are
the bast.
Call or write for prices. Out-of-town orders
will have my prompt attention.
Respectfully, C. P. DEAN,
No. 10 Governor St., Richmond, Vs.

Finest quality, low rates, NO CUT QUALITY.

You can choose any-\$10.00 and \$12.50 Suits at only \$ 6.75 \$15.00 and \$16.50 Suits at only \$ 9.50



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ROBINS'

-MARSHALL AND SECOND.

Everything for the sick.

Goods delivered in city.

His hair was quite white, his oyes un-naturally bright, and his hands were-never still, as though he were in ever-lasting pain. He locked the picture of disease.

After Owd Bob's second victory he had become morose and untalkative. At home he often sat stient for hours together, drinking and glaring at the place where the Cup had been. Sometimes he talked in low, eerle voice to Red Wull; and on two occasions, David, turning suddenly, had caught his father glowering stealthly at him with such an expression on his face as chilled the boy's blood. The two never spoke now; and David held this silent, deadly enmity far worse than the old time perpetual warfare.

It was the same at the Sylvester Arms.

uperbly indignant "What d'yo' mean, sir-r-r?"
"Yo' know what I mean, lass," h

She looked him up and down, and down, and up and up again.

"I'll niver speak to you agin, Mr.
M'Adam," she cried; "not if it was ever
so— Nay, I'll walk home by myself,
thank you. I'll ha' nowt to do wi'
you."

So the two must return to Kenmuir, one behind the other, like a lady and her footman.
David's audacity had more than once

David's audacity had more than once already all but caused a rupture between the pair. And the occurrence behind the hedge set the cap on his impertinences. That was past enduring and Magsie by hier bearing let him know it.

David tolerated the girl's new attitude for exactly twelve minutes by the kitchen clock. Then: "Bulk wi' me, indeed! I'll teach her!" and he marched out of the door, "Niver to cross jt agin, ma word!"

Afterward, however, he relented so far

den action.

Other people than Tammas Thornton came to the conclusion that M'Adam would stop at nothing in the undoing of James Moore or the gray dog. They said drink and disappointment had turned his head; that he was mad and dangerous. And on New Year's day matters seemed coming to a crisis; for it was reported that in the gloom of a snowy evening he had drawn a knife on the Master in the High Street, but slipped before he could accomplish his fell purpose. the door, 'Niver to cross it agin, ma word!'

Afterward, however, he relented so far as to continue his visits as before; but he made it clear that he only came to see the Master and hear of Owd Bob's doings. On these occasions he loved best to sit on the window-sill outside the kitchen, and talk and chaff with Tammas and the men in the yard, feigning an uneasy bashfulness was reference made to Bessie Bolstock. And after sitting thus for some time, he would half turn, look over his shoulder, and remark in indifferent iones to the girl within: Most of them all, David was haunted with an ever-present anxiety as to the little man's intentions. The hoy even went so far as to warn his friend against his father. But the Master only smilled activity.

"Whativer is the matter wi' yo', wench? I inight be a leprosy."
But the girl was walking away with her head high as the snow-capped Pike.
"So long as I live, David M'Adain," she cried, "I'll niver go to church wi' you agin!"
"Iss, but you will though—onst," he answored low.
Maggie whisked round in a flash, superbly indignant.

plied, sheepish and shuffling before her ucenly anger, She looked him up and down, and down

obey as the course. The course of the course

yo'd bin a bigger and a younger

But theer! yo'm sic a scrappety bit. Noo, rin whoam." And the little man s'unk silently away. For a time he appeared there no more. Then, one evening when it was almost dark, James Moore, going the round of the outbuildings, felt Owd Bob stiffen igainst his side.
"What's cop. lad" he whispered, halt-lig: and, dropping his hand on the dog's neck, felt a ruff of rising hair be-

dog's neck, felt a ruff of rising hair heneath it,
"Steady, lad, steady," he whispered;
'What is't "He peered forward into the
zloom; and at length discerned a little
familiar figure huddled away in the
crevice between two stacks.
"It's yo, is it, M'Adam" he said, and,
bending, selzed a wisp of Owd Bob's
coat in a grip like a vice.
Then, in a great voice, moved to rare
unger:

men, in a great voice, moved to rare inger:

"Oot o' this afore I do ye a hurt, yo messerable spyin' creetur!" he roared.

"Yo' mun wait til dark cooms to hide yo', yo' coward, afore yo' dayr coom crawlin' about me hoose, frightenin' the women-folk and up to yer devilments. If yo've owt to say to me, coom like a man in the open day, Noo git aff wi' yo', afore I lay hands to yo'!"

He stood there in the dusk, tall and mighty, a terrible figure, one hand pointing to the gate, the other still grasping the gray dog.

mighty, a terrible figure, one hand pointing to the gate, the other still grasping the gray dog.

The little man scuttled away in the half-light, and out of the yard.
On the plank-bridge he turned and shock his fist at the darkening house.
"Curse ye, James Moore!" he sobbed, "Til be even wi ye yet."

DEATH ON THE MARCHES.
On the top of this there followed an attempt to poison Th' Owd Un. At least there was no other accounting for the affair.

In the dead of a long remembered wight James Moore was waked by a low meaning beneath his room. He leapt tut of bed and ran to the wisdow to ree his favorile dragging about the moonlit yard, the dark head down, the proud tail for once lowered, the lithe limbs wooden, heavy, unnatural—altogether pittful.

In a moment he was downstalis and out to his friend's assistance. "What-iver ist, Owd Un" he cried in anguich. At the sound of that dear voice the old dog tried to struggle to him, could not, and fell, whimpering.

(To be Continued To-morrow.)

(To be Continued To-morrow.)

MAKES BREAD THAT FATTENS

Tammas is on his feet in the tap-room of the Arms, brandishing a pewer mug. "Gen'jemen!" he cries, his old face flushed; "I gie you a toast. Stan' oop!" The knot of Dalesman round the fire ise like one. The old man waves his mug before him, reckless of the good ale that drips on to the floor. "The best sheep-dog I' th' North—Owd Poh o' Kenmuir" he cries. In an instant there is uproar; the merry applause of clinking pewters; the stamping of fret; the rattle of sticks. Rob Saundérson and old Jonas are cheering with the Lest; Tupper and Ned Hoppin are belowing in one another's ears; Long Riby and Jem Burlon are thumping each lowing in one another's ears; Long Xir-by and Jem Burton are thumping each other on the back; even Sam'l Todd and Sexion Ross are roused from their hab-itual melancholy.

"Here's to Th' Owd Un! Here's to bor Bob!" yell stentorian voices; while Rob Saunderson has jumped on to a chair.

"Wi' the best sheep-dog !' th' North I gie yo' the Shepherds' Trophy!-won outreet as will be!" he cries. Instant-ity the claimor redoubles. LUCK